

A Royal Speculator Who Played the Market; Montenegro's King Accused of Gambling on War



KING NICHOLAS, formerly of Montenegro, now in exile in France

BY FAR the most picturesque among the monarchs whose crowns got on the casualty list of the late war is King Nicholas, formerly of Montenegro, now an exile in France. His is the distinction of being, besides his namesake the Czar, the only Allied ruler who has forfeited his throne, as against fifty-odd kings, princes and princelings on the Teutonic side.

Just about a year ago his country voted union with the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, thereby fulfilling the century-old dream of the Montenegrins to again become one with the great Serb nation from which they had been separated since the fatal Battle of Kosovo in 1380.

King Nicholas did his best—his trait subjects called it his worst, and said that meant a good deal—to prevent the reunion which was to leave him minus his kingdom. But his people, who for more than half a century had put up with his tyranny, his cruelty, his greed and his more than shady business transactions, could not forgive him his treachery in the World War. For all Montenegrins believe, and some of them offer proofs, that Nicholas

and his sons sold out the country to Austria; that the separate peace of 1916 which followed a spiritless resistance (spiritless, that is, on the part of the King and the princes, but not the common soldier) was the visible side of a contract the invisible side of which was represented by millions of German marks and Austrian kronen deposited to Nicholas's account in Swiss banks.

A Giant in Size

Sentimental travelers who, in the years before the Balkan wars, visited Nicholas in his eerie capital at Cetinje were impressed by the glamour of Nicholas's personality and returned with sympathetic stories about the "Lion of the Black Mountain." They told of this giant prince (he measured 6 feet 2 inches, with corresponding girth) who was the revered father of his people, who was not only a ruler, a general and administrator of justice, but also a poet; they praised his affable temper, his hospitality, his simple patriarchal ways. But what these sentimental travelers saw was merely the outside of things, and appearances deceive in the Balkans at least

A GENERAL view of Cetinje. In the center is the King's palace

95 per cent more than anywhere else. In fact, the "Lion of the Black Mountain" was called in the well informed circles of Continental capitals "the old fox of Cetinje." It has been said that no king in modern times ever squeezed greater profits out of the king business than he. It is safe to say that his yearly income from different sources was several times the capital value of his whole country. There is no end to the stories telling of his financial well, let us call it acumen.

Governments Were Venal

It was a matter of common knowledge in pre-war Europe that Balkan governments and statesmen were venal. In every Balkan capital there was a clique or a party which every schoolboy knew was in the pay of Russia; there was another subsidized by Austria; the other powers, too, had their enthusiastic adherents (on a straight salary basis), but these were of minor importance at the time. Premiers and Cabinets and Deputies frequently changed sides—they went the way of all flesh—that is to say, to the highest bidder.

No such competitive corruption was tolerated at Cetinje. Foreign subsidies were a strict royal monopoly. Everything—Russian ruble and Austrian kronen in the first place



QUEEN OF MONTENEGRO. One of her daughters is Queen of Italy



THE tyrannical King Nicholas as he appeared before his exile



PRINCE MIRKO of Montenegro

—went to Nicholas's spacious pockets. He was said to have perfected the fine art of milking the great powers to a higher degree than anybody else; and not only did he milk them well, but he milked them all at once.

In the fall of 1913, when the Balkan War was started by the firing of Montenegrin cannon at Podgoritz, there was a story going at Vienna and Budapest that the war was being financed by the famous French motion picture concern, the Gaumont people, to whom Nicholas had sold exclusive rights. That may have been an unfounded rumor, but some of the stories about his "deals" in the stock market have all the air of authenticity.

Played the Market

One of the outstanding events of the Balkan struggle was the prolonged siege of Scutari, the Albanian capital. King Nicholas led the besieging army; Essad Pasha, the Albanian chieftain recently assassinated at Paris, was the Turkish commander of the fortress. Now, the fortunes of battle changed with a regularity that by and by aroused suspicion. One day the Montenegrins scored some advantage which was wrested from them on the next by the Turks; then, again, the Montenegrins won some minor success, and so forth.

The explanation was advanced at the time that both King Nicholas and Essad Pasha were playing the markets at Vienna, Frankfurt, Paris and Odessa. Being good business men both, they left to the element of chance as little as possible. So they worked out a scheme which made military success alternate between the two armies, and they both instructed their brokers accordingly to the day's schedule.

In April, 1913, great surprise was caused all over Europe when the Russian government joined in the naval demonstration of the great powers which was to soften King Nicholas into yielding up Scutari to the Albanians. The Russian people were enthusiastically pro-Slav and anti-Austrian, and the evacuation of Scutari was demanded by Austria-Hungary. The apparent anomaly was explained as follows:

A report reached the Czar's ears that the King had pocketed \$15,000,000 as his reward for tipping off Odessa and Vienna brokers when he was about to declare war. It will be remembered that Montenegro surprised her allies by beginning to fight before the fixed time.

The Viennese broker in whom his majesty had confided made \$20,000,000.

The Czar said he would have no more of this sort of thing, but softened enough to give Montenegro \$250,000 to be spent on the people, and not on their King, who had large sums invested in France and America.

Believed They Were Betrayed

A correspondent of The London Morning Post who recently visited Cetinje reports that the Monte-

negrin people as a whole are enthusiastic for Jugo-Slav unity and have little feeling save that of bitterness left toward their former ruler. The correspondent analyzes this feeling and finds that its roots are to be found in Nicholas's character and the methods of his rule, but above all in the sense of the mountaineers that they have been betrayed by him. The correspondent writes:

"Gazing up one day at the stupendous bare flanks of Lovchen, I asked our driver whether it was true that Nicholas had surrendered the mountain without making a fight for it. The answer came short and sharp: 'He sold it.' Whether this is true or not they all believe it. They can tell you the exact sum he got for it—5,000,000 crowns down and another five million on the completion of the deal. They ask you why headquarters of the Lovchen sector were fixed at one end of the long line at Budua, under the guns of the Austrian fleet, instead of somewhere in the sheltered center; why, if not that communications with the Austrians might be facilitated. They can give you date and hour of the meeting at Pelinovo with Hupka, the Austrian staff officer, when the sale was negotiated.

Whirligig of Time

"But not for gold alone, such is the popular conviction, did he betray his country. Once, in his young days, Nicholas was adored by his own and the adjacent Slavic peoples. Highly gifted, of imposing presence, with a power of fascination that took men's hearts by storm, he incarnated the South Slav idea. His song 'Onam onamo' ('Yonder, Yonder, Behind the Hills') voiced the secular Serbian horror of the Turk, the secular determination to free their kinsfolk from that accursed yoke, and to this day it is almost the national anthem of Jugo-Slavia. All eyes, at home and abroad, looked to him; all felt that if ever union and liberty were to come he was the man that would compass them. It was in the bad days of Milan, when Serbia lay under a cloud. Then, bit by bit, the situation changed. For one thing, at the worst sides of his character showed themselves the affections of his subjects began to cool.

"For another, Serbia was gradually growing in strength and honor, gradually asserting her claim to the position of headship that rightfully belonged to her. Meanwhile, he piled up wealth untold; he married his pretty daughters to grand dukes, princes, crowned heads, and his ambitions, instead of accommodating themselves to altering circumstances, grew and grew. His assumption of the kingly title in 1910, smiled at by Europe, was an abomination to his subjects. There was no room, they felt, for two kings in a united Slavdom. It was an attack on the very idea of unity, a bid for the position into which the King of Serbia had slowly and automatically stepped."

Hugo Stinnes, Man of Millions, the Unofficial Ruler of the Republic of Germany

By Eugene S. Bagger

"I AM the State," said one Louis, of the House of Capet, who bore the title "His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France." "The State is I," a certain Hugo of the House of Stinnes might echo if he chose to. He has no title, and probably cares for none. Just the same, he is the ruler of a great state—the Republic of Germany—with a power hardly inferior in substance, if invested with much less glamour, than that of his late unlamented predecessor, Wilhelm the Last.

Stinnes is the man who, with his insolent address, nearly succeeded in breaking up the recent economic conference at Spa. Asked to give his opinion on the coal deliveries to which Germany is obligated under the peace treaty, Stinnes, contrary to the usage of the delegates of sitting as they talk, jumped to his feet, banged the table, and shouted: "I rise because I want to look the persons I am talking to in the face."

An Insolent Speech

He told Millerand that the Allies would not get all the German coal they demanded even if they stationed niggers at the mouth of every pit. He then continued: "Any one not afflicted with the disease of victory—"

Here he was interrupted and rebuked by the chairman, M. Delacroix, and he proceeded in a more moderate tone.

Previous to the conference, the German government stated that it would not be responsible for whatever Herr Stinnes, invited to attend as an expert, would say. This disclaimer is not necessarily the indication of a yellow streak, for the German government, as presently constituted, is really not responsible for the words and deeds of Herr

Stinnes. It is rather the other way around: Herr Stinnes is responsible for much the German government says and does. For Herr Stinnes is to-day the unofficial autocrat of Germany.

Many Times a King

It was suggested above that Herr Stinnes has no title. That is not quite accurate. He is a king; he is more than that; he is a whole college or chapter of kings rolled into one. He is coal king, railroad king, steamship king, lumber king, woodpulp king, celluloid king, newspaper king. (It will be seen below that the very sequence of these titles has its significance.) He is also a deputy to the new German Diet, where he is a member of the German People's party. That is to say, he is a member of the party much in the same sense as Mr. Rockefeller is a member of Standard Oil. He does not belong to the party; the party belongs to him. Nominally he is a member; actually he is "it."

Among his many kingdoms he regards coal the most important, the very foundation of his reign. "I build on coal," he once in the days before the war said to an American newspaper correspondent. "From coal you go [he meant, of course, "I go"] to iron and steel, and then to various industries, to ships and commerce; and coal will lead you to forests, to wood pulp and paper." There he modestly stopped, omitting to add, "and from paper to newspaper"; but there can be no doubt that even then he had in mind what the command of a country's paper supply implied. To-day he commands the paper supply of Germany; he owns forests and mills; he owns printing presses; he owns about sixty dailies; and he is thus majority stockholder, so to speak, of German public opinion. This is not a mere way of speaking; the People's party (née National

Liberal) won the recent elections through and by Stinnes's control of newspapers plus the unlimited campaign funds put up by him.

His record in the World War is a

sinister one, but it remained unknown outside of the cabal of generals and industrial magnates until in February, 1919, Herr Erzberger told the National Assembly how he

had removed him from the sphere of the Armistice Commission because Stinnes had been mainly responsible for the spoliation of Belgian factories and because he had

induced General Headquarters to order the deportation of Belgian workers.

His baleful influence was bitterly attacked on the floor of the House

last June, when Herr Breitscheid, the Independent leader, said that the plan of deporting Belgians and Frenchmen to forced labor in Germany was conceived by Stinnes; that von Bissing, the Governor General of Belgium, carried out the deportations virtually under Stinnes's direction, that the destruction of workshops and wholesale theft of machinery in Belgium and Northern France were suggested by him. These revelations were recently supplemented by a correspondent of The London Times, who reported that to-day it is an open secret in Germany that Stinnes drew up the plan for the destruction of French coal mines, and by a writer in L'Europe Nouvelle, who stated Stinnes had bought up for 28,000,000 francs a large block of Belgian enterprises, including public utilities, coal fields, iron mines and works. The method of this colossal transaction—one that would have given Stinnes the control of practically the entire supply of coal in Continental Europe had Germany remained victorious—was characteristic. In order to avoid publicity Stinnes stipulated that the purchase price should be paid six months after the conclusion of peace; needless to say, by peace he meant a German peace, with Belgium and parts of Northern France annexed.

depreciation of the mark, under which German industry and commerce at large groan in agony, has netted him additional millions, and his political influence helped him to parry the blow of Erzberger's capital levy.

His Labor Policy

Stinnes has his specific way of dealing with labor. It consists partly in outbidding the demands of his workers, partly in terrorizing them into submission by ruthless administered pressure of the complex machinery of his wealth. He undermined the influence of trade unions upon his employees by granting larger increases of pay than were asked for, and he anticipated the demand for a share in management by cleverly framed concessions. With strikes going on everywhere else, there are no strikes in Stinnes's establishments.

Many of the German manufacturers opposed the plan of the Reichswehrwirtschaftsrat, or national industrial parliament, a body dealing with economic matters and constituted on the basis of trade representation. Stinnes refused to be frightened by this German version of the Soviet; he went into it, and to-day his influence there is paramount.

The recovery, by whatsoever means, of German supremacy in the realm of commerce, as the certain preliminary to supremacy in all else—this is the force that moves the man. In the shameless destruction of French and Belgian factories, in the wanton laying waste of French coal mines, he played his part during the war toward the weakening of competitors: the arrogant insolence of his behavior at Spa is the measure of rage with which he and others of his kidney would see this damage repaired.

Babe Ruth, Hero of the Great American Game

(Continued from page one)

manufacturers coming to when this sort of thing happens?"

"Gentlemen," I said softly, "what are you going to do this afternoon?"

The duet came spontaneously:

"Why, we are going out to the ball park to see 'Babe' Ruth 'bust one.' Do you think that he is due to 'bust one' to-day?"

In Cleveland a Cincinnati judge saw the Yankees every day with his young son. As a reward he had rashly promised his heir that he would take him to see "Babe" Ruth "bust one," and like an honest parent he had to trail with the Yankees until the "Babe" did "bust one." It took some time and something like \$1,000 in fares and hotel money. For nobody can tell when the "Babe" is due to "bust one."

The multitudes groan when the pitchers pass Ruth purposely, but it is not the function of the opposing pitchers to make home runs easy for "Babe" Ruth. The game must not be permitted to become a mere background for the Colossus.

One pitcher was asked:

"What is the best way to pitch to 'Babe' Ruth?"

The reply was terse and explicit: "Don't pitch to him at all."

of curve, and he can hit a fast one or a slow one. He has chalked up at least one home run against every pitcher of any importance in his own league, and it is safe to predict that if he takes part in a world's series he will extend the list of his victims to the other league, if the other league's pitchers will pitch to him.

THE reason that "Babe" Ruth can hit all pitchers and hit them harder than any player? It is not his enormous strength, his keen eye and his baseball cunning. Many players have possessed either or all of these to the same degree as Ruth. It must be the perfect coordination of eye, mind and muscle, the reflex, some have called it.

This is not something that can be developed, for many have tried. Jim Thorpe, the Indian, the greatest all-around athlete in the world, had a stronger physique than Ruth, as keen an eye and as keen a mind. But Jim Thorpe, though he willed it with all determination, could not become even a passable big league ballplayer. With all the attributes of a great hitter, he could not hit.

The verdict when they passed him to the minors was that he "was a sucker for a curved ball." "Babe" Ruth has an uncanny instinct for gauging the dazzling flight of the ball. I have seen him pull a swing—that is to say, at the flash when the ball left the pitcher's hand to an instant before it came close to

him, he sensed that it was beyond reach and stayed the swing of his bat midway.

You who have watched Ruth swing will appreciate the difficulty of this feat. He swings with every muscle of his body. All his weight is behind the drive. There are not many players who can check the swing, and only Ruth's power that could start the Ruthian swing could check it, once started. And with the power there must be the perfect coordination that is in the most marvelous machinery or in the most primitive human creature.

THERE is something gloriously primitive about Ruth. The most striking picture I ever saw of him was at Cleveland, during the series there.

Ruth has one defective knee, a knee that skips out of joint every now and then. This accident happened to him in Cleveland, in the midst of a game which we conventionally describe as "crucial."

You have seen those pictures or have read the descriptions of the grizzly pierced with many arrows in a Sierra epic. He grows and he bites at the arrows in a blind rage. He tears at his own smarting flesh with his claws. Well, Ruth was very much like that wounded grizzly.

He sat down on that second base sack and pounded at the knee with his fists, trying to set it back into place. He put one hand on his thigh and the other on the lower part of

the leg, tugging and trying to reset the sliding joint. Then he shouted to "Ping" Bodie, who had rushed out to see how badly he was hurt:

"Bring me a ball bat! Maybe we can hammer this thing back into place."

WHAT manner of man is this, our "Babe" Ruth, in various other respects?

I do not wish to say that there are clay feet on any popular idol, nor do I care to say that all popular idols are of wondrous white marble. I will maintain that Ruth is far worthier of idolatry than many other sporting idols.

Observe this point. You seldom hear of "Babe" Ruth quarreling with the umpire. I know of other baseball heroes who have wrangled with umpires when they were in the wrong, knowing that the mob would be with them and against the umpire. Ruth has the native sense of fairness not to do this. That in itself is a big thing in a game where there is not a great deal of the spirit of fairness.

Let's not lady-journalize and psychologize our popular idol. Let us watch in readiness to toss our straw hats into the field as he soaks the pill beyond the horizon.

In Valhalla, the Elysian Fields or in whatever place his breed eventually gather, he will some day lay down beside the club of Hercules and the hammer of Thor the heavy ashen bat of "Babe" Ruth, and it will not seem out of place there.